WPQ

Spring / Summer 2020

Bruegel
Fractional Reserve Banking
Johnson & Shakespeare
Hiraeth
Being A Happy Wife
Travel Diaries
J.C. Adams
Jared George
Sean Haughton

Introduction

Thank you for supporting *The White People's Quarterly*—a non-political and family-friendly literary and culture magazine published by The White People's Press. The reader will find no profanity or otherwise questionable material in this or any of our other publications. We believe White people have the right to maintain and assert a positive shared identity, and provide a platform for writers and artists who feel the same. Our primary intent is to raise awareness of white interests and discuss in a mature and productive manner the issues most important to our collective well-being.

—*The White People's Press*

"Fireside Contemplation," India ink & watercolor on paper, 12"x9", 2020, by Herrmann Radwulf.

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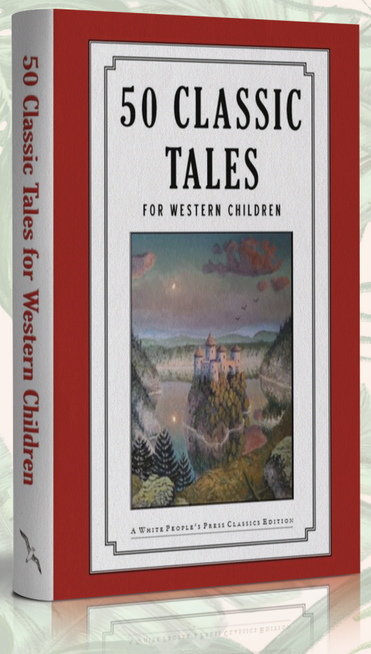

"White people have a rich and splendid history of storytelling that goes back many centuries, and in this book you will find fifty tales that exemplify that Western folk tradition. They stimulate our imaginations, teach us about our past, and help us better understand who we are as a people. It is our duty to pass them down to our own children, as they were passed down to us, so that they may appreciate their literary and cultural heritage, and accept more fully the notion that it will one day be their duty to do the same."

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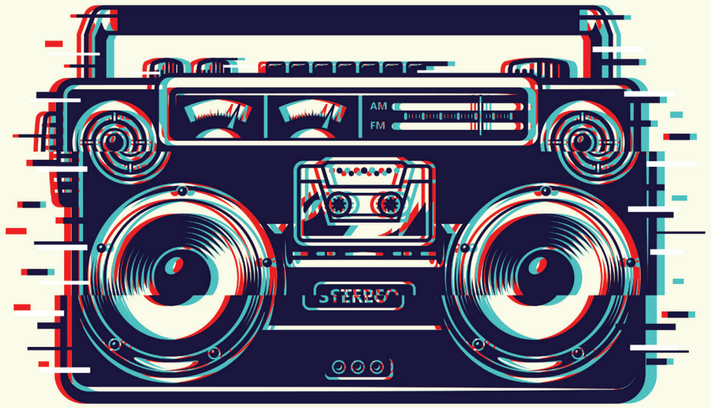

HOSTED BY:

Jeff Winston and Mama P.

Every Saturday night

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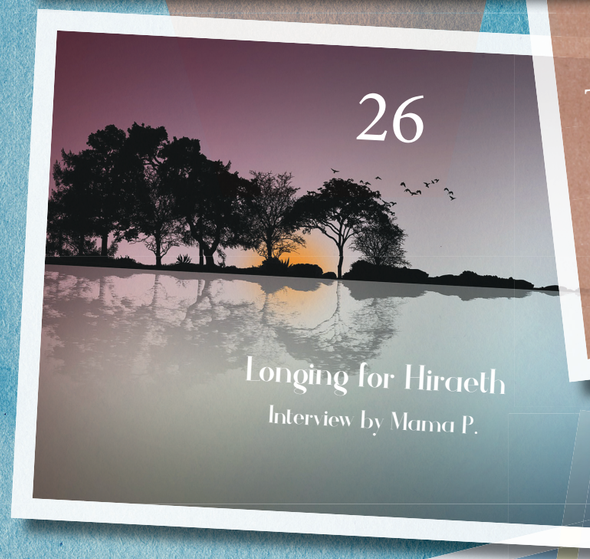

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OUR STORY

The White People's Press was founded in December 2018, and made its official launch in July 2019 with the release of the inaugural summer issue of *The White People's Quarterly*. Concerned with the anti-white practices of the publishing industry, and the lack of introductory materials for average white men and women generally, the founders decided it was time to create an outlet for the change they wanted to see. The White People's Press publishes fiction, non-fiction, literary criticism, book reviews, and more in the form of web content, books, and this magazine. Future plans for the company include a children's book imprint, a short series to acquaint average folks with whitepositive ideas, and a news section with no slant.

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If you or your company would like to advertise your product or service in future issues of *The White People's Quarterly*, contact the editor at:
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SUBMISSIONS FOR THE NEXT ISSUE

Submissions for future issues of *The White People's Quarterly* are always open, and pitches are welcome. We are interested in publishing and promoting fiction, creative non-fiction, poetry, literary criticism, book reviews, artwork, photography, and any other creative work that falls outside those categories but fits with our mission. We are always seeking manuscripts and web content as well. More information about submission guidelines is available at:
www.whitepeoplepress.com/submit
All submissions should include an introduction and a description of the work being submitted, and be sent to the following address:
submissions@whitepeoplepress.com

The White People's Quarterly (ISSN 2643-6078 (print), ISSN 2643-6086 (online), ISBN 9781953373007 (print), Volume 1, Number 2). Published four times per year (Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter) by The White People Press, LLC.

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Children's Games, by Pieter Bruegel, 1560. Currently held at the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna, the piece depicts 230 children running the town square and playing 83 different games, and is widely interpreted to be be a metaphor on the foolishness of adult pretensions.

ISSUE Nº 3

It is our pleasure to introduce the third issue of *The White People's Quarterly*. As the cover art and interior theme suggests, the belated Spring / Summer issue focuses on the work of the great Dutch / Flemish artist Pieter Bruegel, one of the most intriguing and enigmatic artists the Western world has produced. You will find more about his background and works in subsequent pages.

The feature pieces for the third issue include original writing by Helen Doe, in her essay "A Happy Family," a satirical masterpiece by returning contributor Hektor Troy, a review of Jason Köhne's book *Go Free* by writer K.D., an introduction to the books and poetry of author Sean Haughton, and a re-publishing of literary critic and philosopher Samuel Johnson's famous essay "Preface to Shakespeare," which you will find accompanied by a rare and supurb collection of historical Shakespearean art.

Other pieces include an interview from *The White People's Quarterly*'s music coorespondent, Mama P., who sits down with rising "ghost folk" artist Hiraeth, poetry by Jared George, J.C. Adams, Afibjorn, and Anna, a review of the South African novel *The Boer Attacks* by Dionysos Andronis, as well as advertisements from our sponsors the White Art Collective, KosChertified?, and WhiteDate.Net.

Lastly, The White People's Press will be releasing several new books this year, information about which you will find in the pages of this issue. These include two children's books: Spencer J. Quinn and Anthony Coulter's *My Mirror Tells A Story*, and two versions of the long-awaited *50 Classic Tales for Western Children*, one of which will be a special edition, full-color coffee table-style book. We will also be re-releasing Jeff Winston's book *How to Organize a Traditional Dance* as a full-cover hardback, and publishing our most ambitious work to date, another coffee table book titled *Folk*, with nearly 200 images and a collection of writing from the likes of Jason Köhne, Jeff Winston, Ash Donaldson, Ilenia, Jared George, Lovely Porridge, Laura Towler, Chars, Liv Heide, and John Bruce Leonard.

Thank you to all of our readers for your support. Although we have taken a bit of a hiatus to focus on our future projects, we aren't going anywhere and remain devoted to producing pro-White content. We hope you enjoy the new issue and our upcoming books, and look forward to bringing you more high-quality content in the near future.

Sincerely,

Tony Vermont
Editor in Chief

Unbeknownst to most, the great majority of essential food products are certified by one of many rabbinical organizations around the country. Pick up a box of breakfast cereal, a bottle of water, or some yogurt, and the chances are that the labels sport a kosher seal of some sort. For the Jewish community and others seeking this out (like Seventh Day Adventists) this is a good thing, as there's no requirement to go to a specialized store or aisle. For most others, the issue was not even on their radar screen—because they were simply uninformed. KosChertified? will help all these shoppers, no matter what their purpose is.

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The KosChertified?® app contains a database of over 4200 NKC products—NOT Kosher-Certified—for consumers to add to their imbedded grocery list.

Our Grocery List + Android App also currently boasts 4.7 stars out of 5 after three years and over 1,000 downloads!

"Great way to inform and educate the general public that has no clue what they are consuming and bringing into their households."

Jack A.

"Very educational, definitely helps when it comes to making decisions on one brand over another"

John G.

READ MORE AT:

TheKosherQuestion.com

Pieter Bruegel the Elder

Pieter Bruegel the Elder (c. 1526/30 - 1569) was a Flemish artist whose life remains shrouded in mystery. When and where he was born is unknown and he painted no confirmed self-portraits. But the time in which he lived was marked by conflict and cultural change, including the Inquisition, harsh rulership in the Netherlands under the Duke of Alba, and the recent Protestant Reformation next door in Germany. The latter brought with it a certain degree of rebellion and iconoclasm that was reflected in the art of the time.

A central motif in the work of Bruegel are urban environments and the peasantry, who are often portrayed from high viewpoints in order to magnify the surrounding, magnificent landscapes frequently present in his paintings. Although he spent his best years in Antwerp and Brussels painting for the cultural elite, Bruegel's focus on commoners has led to scholars noting the "humanistic" nature of much of his oeuvre. However, Bruegel also painted religious works, and chief among them was the piece here, *The Tower of Babel* (1563), which is an oil painting on wood panels delivered with intense precision.

The story of the Tower of Babel in biblical literature (specifically Genesis 11:1–9), is one that tells of the Babylonians attempt to build a tower "with its top to the heavens," before God sabotages it by confusing the language of the workers and making them unable to understand each other. One could interpret the tale as that of a spiteful God who feels insecure of human achievement, or as an explanation of how so many different peoples and languages became scattered "over the face of the whole earth." But it's difficult to deny the basic moral of the story that the venture in Babylon failed because of diversity.

Perhaps God wanted it that way. Perhaps nature is this way for a reason. Perhaps the Tower of Babel is best viewed as a lesson in how plans fail when you have too many different people undertaking a grand project fueled by idealism. You end up with a wreck only a Flemish painter can make beauty out of.

FEATURE

A HAPPY MARRIAGE

Helen Doe, a former liberal, un-indoctrinates herself and learns the joys of traditional gender roles.

A Happy Marriage

Helen Doe

I am a former liberal who once believed in the absolute "equality" of the sexes. By the time I got married, I had become a social conservative and my new husband and I were ideologically aligned in that regard. Nonetheless, a year into my marriage I could tell that he was not happy. He didn't seem to like me anymore. We started fighting a lot. He thought we should go to marriage counseling, but we live in a small town and there was no way I was going to be seen going to a therapist. I was at a loss for what to do.

> I was despondent. I had no idea what had gone wrong in our relationship or how to fix it.

Things got worse. After yet another argument about something stupid and inconsequential (the dishes, I believe), I was despondent. I had no idea what had gone wrong in our relationship or how to fix it. Crying, I asked God and the Internet, "Why doesn't my husband love me anymore?"

The answer I got was shocking but strangely relieving. I learned that I was a nagging, controlling, complaining shrew. I was not the kind of shrew you see in the movies who screams and throws things and spanks her dirty, half-naked, crying children for no good reason. I was the kind of shrew who thought that my husband needed my advice . . . all the time. I am an intelligent woman and I had lots of good ideas about how to do things. I knew what shirts went with what pants, I knew when he needed a haircut, I knew he should definitely not

wear jeans to church, I knew how he should drive, and I knew how he should trim the shrubs around the porch. I complained when he didn't do things the way I wanted them done. I didn't scream my complaints like a crazy woman; I just let him know in a certain tone that that was not a good idea and told him how he should do it next time. But because I wasn't a screaming lunatic, I didn't recognize that my "advice" was actually controlling and making my husband view me more like his mother than his wife.

Is it any wonder he put up what felt like an impenetrable wall between us? It's a natural response when one is constantly under attack. He also started waiting until I wasn't home so he could do things behind my back. I discovered one day that he had cut down several trees on our property after I had told him I wanted to keep them. He did all sorts of projects when I wasn't around, like painting and organizing the garage, because he didn't want my input. Sometimes he had friends over to our house when I wasn't home because he didn't want to have to clean up before they came over. I felt so betrayed by him sneaking around behind my back! It may not have been a healthy response to my controlling behavior, but it was certainly an understandable one. He was trying to keep the peace in our home while still maintaining some degree of personal autonomy.

So, after learning that I was a controlling shrew, I set about changing my behavior. It wasn't easy! As a former liberal and mainstream conservative, I had been steeped in years of anti-white, anti-family indoctrination via movies, novels, and other media. I had a subconscious belief that I was in competition with my husband, even though my conscious brain believed otherwise. I had never learned the key factor in building a happy, healthy relationship. I should have known it, because in retrospect it's quite obvious, but years of programming blinded me to this simple fact: our men want us to be happy!

That understanding changes everything. If our men want us to be happy, then we don't have to control, nag, or manipulate them to get what we want.

"As a former liberal and mainstream conservative, I had been steeped in years of anti-white, anti-family indoctrination via movies, novels, and other media."

> “That understanding changes everything. If our men want us to be happy, then we don't have to control, nag, or manipulate them to get what we want. We simply have to tell them what would make us happy. It's that simple! Because they want us to be happy, they will take our desires into consideration when making decisions.”

We simply have to tell them what would make us happy.It's that simple! Because they want us to be happy, they will take our desires into consideration when making decisions. That doesn't mean we get our way all the time, but the pleasant surprise for me has been that I don't need to get my way all the time. It turns out that my husband often comes up with better ideas that I ever would have. He's a man, so he thinks differently than I do. He's more practical and sees solutions I don't see. This has come as a massive relief to me, because now I can trust him to take care of things and don't have to spend my energy needlessly trying to control him.

When I stopped trying to be controlling my husband, he was able to start behaving like the head of the household that he is, and it turns out he's darn good at it. I gained back the respect I had for him in the beginning of our relationship. At the same time, I found myself being much better taken care of, and to be taken care of is the deepest longing of every woman, even the blue-haired, jackboot-wearing harpies who spend their lives trying to smash the patriarchy. As the fairer sex, this is simply our nature. But we have to choose. In order to be taken care of, we have to let go of being in control.

Here's how it works. I used to constantly back-seat drive. According to me, my husband drove too fast. We fought countless times over this issue. He resented my efforts to control his driving and I resented that he didn't seem to care about my fears or my feelings. With my newfound understanding, I stopped back-seat driving. Sometimes

it took every ounce of self-control I could muster to not say anything, but for the most part, I was able to manage it. The result? I haven't died and we haven't had one fight about it since. My husband has even slowed down a little when I'm in the car, simply because he knows it makes me happy. Once we were no longer in a competition of wills, he was much more inclined to take my happiness and comfort into account.

He now deals with everything that goes wrong with the house, either fixing it himself or hiring someone else to do it. If I mention that the faucet is leaking, I know he will get it taken care of and I don't have to worry about it. It might be a week or two before he gets around to it, but he always does it when he can, and no nagging from me is necessary. I simply get to smile and say “Thank you” when it's done. Needless to say, we've stopped fighting.

I'm still working on settling into my role as a wife who follows her husband's lead. Unlearning years of indoctrination is a big task, and I'm not perfect. Sometimes I slip up and say something controlling. But now I can apologize and my husband is pretty forgiving. He wants me to be happy, after all! I have also gotten pretty good at deferring to my husband on decisions that involve both of us. As a result, he get's to lead our household and I no longer have to worry about much of anything.

We've also had to make some less-than-traditional accommodations to suit our marriage since I still work full-time. That will likely change at some point in the future, but for now it's a necessity. Because of this, my husband helps out with some of the indoor chores, in particular doing a fair amount of the cooking. I appreciate his contributions and I tell him so. He also appreciates mine. And it turns out he is wonderful cook, now that I don't tell him what spices he should use. □

Spring Singing

By Jared George

Jared George makes videos, livestreams, poems, articles, shirts, and more, presented via TheGreatOrder.com and associated social media accounts.
Follow Jared George: TheGreatOrder.com

Come now to the wild welcome,
the day's light touch,
the simmering song.
Set right the path
for trailing hours
and on, and on, and on.

Green rolls in, fresh earthen tide
births bright secrets
in its folds.
The sun begins to kiss more boldly,
our limbs more noble
in our strolls.

Open roads frame blooming tones
and we, the crowd to cheer
the aspect.
This starts what may, the timeless
sway, facing neither past
nor prospect.

The merry way
all down the lane
thanksgiving for each reed stem,
each blade of grass and flower full,
untroubled smiles to greet them.

We take our place amongst the play
teased by the wing'd mates
we witness,
call bounty up, the teeming cup
each glance meets our ripe mistress.

We stride inside the daytime star,
all yellow, blue at noon,
electric flows
from our sphere's core,
within the cosmic tune.

All bridged, we bridge,
we ground the stars,
watch daylight pleasures brought to bear
and knowing wholly,
seeing solely, claiming
we are there.

California Spring, by Albert Bierstadt, 1875.

FEATURE

Longing for Hiraeth

HIRAETH'S SERIOUS, SOULFUL, and sonorous songs burst onto the music scene a little over a year ago and since then she has taken the reins of her art and run wild, releasing two albums of original music (Hiraeth and Home) and collaborating with other artists for a smattering of spectacular singles. Her lyrics are poignant poetry as she harmonizes with herself on multiple tracks to accompany her (often lonely) acoustic guitar. The effect of this simple combination is a transporting blend of sound and words that I always listen to with my eyes closed.

I had to try to find out what makes her tick . . .

Hiraeth?

I chose this word for my acoustic project because I wanted something that would sort of sum up the feeling or mood of my music. My first thought was "nostalgia," but that wasn't quite right. This is a longing for something that doesn't necessarily exist in the past. It is similar to feeling homesick.

Hiraeth is a Welsh word that can be defined as: a homesickness for a home to which you cannot return, a home which maybe never was; the nostalgia, the yearning, the grief for lost places of your past.

When I came across this word which was previously unknown to me and isn't easily translated to English, I knew that was it.

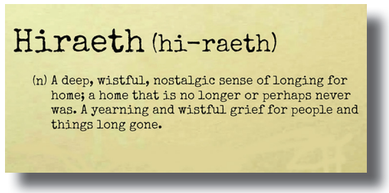
When did you start writing songs? What first inspired you?

I started to write a little bit years ago but I didn't feel very driven at that time. I guess I wasn't really ready to be a songwriter. I hadn't fully found my voice, my own style, or what I wanted to say with it. Songwriting was more of an aimless experiment that I didn't take too seriously up until the fall of 2018.

At that time it's like the gears and everything just sort of clicked into place. I picked up my guitar, started writing and recording, and haven't stopped since. My initial inspiration was a combination of internal and external factors in my life. I had personal stuff I was going through at that time and was struggling with my own feelings, self-image, fear of failure, that sort of thing. Externally, I had been aware of our cause for several years. I had been frustrated for a while about the fact that we as White people aren't really allowed to have a nation to call our own. To claim that we do have that right, is to be demonized as a "White supremacist" for our lack of "white guilt," or publicly delegitimized with the narrative of "race is a social construct and White people don't actually exist."

Race is a social construct until we aren't talking about White people. THEN it's very real and important. Funny how that works. So, to sum it up, the external factor that drives me the most is the struggle of our people to find and maintain our place in this world. To have our space that we can call "home."

Hiraeth's self-titled first album.



Hiraeth's album *Home*.

Hiraeth's album *Europeana*.

When you write, what comes first? The music or the lyrics?

Usually the music comes first but not always. Typically, I start with a simple guitar riff I like, I record it in my program and loop it a bunch of times. I'll listen to it on repeat the following day until a vocal melody pops into my head. I write the lyrics after I have a good idea of what I think the vocal melody will be and then build from there.

If Hiraeth is defined by longing, is there any hope in your songs? Levity?

My music is very serious and heavy, so I don't know about levity, but I would say that there is definitely hope. The Hiraeth project so far has been about me exploring that yearning for a place that doesn't exist yet. The idea

> “Race is a social construct until we aren’t talking about White people . . . THEN it’s very real and important. Funny how that works.”

here is recognizing the problems with our current reality so that we can visualize a new and better one for ourselves. Once we have that, then we can do whatever we have to in order to bring that to life. I think a lot of my songs have done this on both a personal level, and also in regard to our community as a whole ... at least, I hope so! Songwriting has been very healing for me in this way. Some of the sadder songs I’ve written are about the fact that we aren’t alone in this. I think that’s very important to remember and it’s something that can be easily forgotten during tough times no matter what the case may be.

Where do you see your music headed in the future? What do you want your music to convey to our people?

The only way I can really answer the first question is by saying that I like not having a plan for where my music is headed. It’s like embarking on an explorative journey of sorts. Letting it unfold and happen organically is part of the fun! As far as the second part is concerned, I hope that above all, my music conveys honesty to people. I like to consider it as sort of dark-folk or neo-folk with a silver lining. This is why I came up with the genre: ghost-folk. I like the idea of something that is haunting and ethereal. Sad but also beautiful. Dark, yet hopeful. Honesty and intensity is something that I have always looked for in other music throughout my life. I want to feel something when I hear it. Music can be very transcendent in this way, which is why I couldn’t live without it! I hope that my music can, on some level, do that for other people too. ❑

WHERE TO FIND HIRAETH

Twitter: @HiraethMusic9
Gab: @HiraethMusic
YouTube: youtube.com/c/HiraethMusic9
Bitchute: bitchute.com/hiraeth_music/
Bandcamp: hiraeth9.bandcamp.com
Instagram @HiraethMusic9

The Passing Majestic

J.C. Adams

Those whom beauty befalls, bear the mantle
For the burden of form demands the shunning of the lesser they bless, to keep what blossoms brilliant
The lushest flower has no war against this predatory world, and certainly succumbs at the showdown
Low-born climb the blood of brides to peek their innocence; to envy the pollen of tomorrow
Their longing denied at the window, as she's claimed by the conqueror of the threshold
Their petals pulled open from the clinging bulb, their scent reaped 'cross the winds, indifferent to the faces below
Their bloom still haunts the memory of those that noticed, and they all noticed the departing of the most majestic
They traced their steps out of our lives, and lament their image as long as it lives

The sweetest haunting; the passing majestic

Images of Icons

J.C. Adams

Images of icons, awed-faint their heaven-bound gaze
The brazen leaf Fall their fading cheek
Pinions scythe the soil, tilling every end of the birth-graves we trespass

Rush the dying breeze, and we'll trample every elegant skull to bridge this abyss
The wicked child guarding his burning bridge could learn a lesson
Let the curs miss the leader's heel, so the sovereign sword may blaze our North

Every worthy shoulder, fall into gravity, ride the vortex and cull the torpor lee
Break her vanity mirror and steal her by the wrist, this race charges Hell's lurid crest
Grace gift the palms, dew-kiss the child's feet, encircled by our watchful champion's fleet

Storm reign under the star-fires, on horseback we teach our sons the signs
Grow the killing floor and temper what we adore, war is the final lesson
Strive beyond the blood's breath, lead the diving hawks, and the ivory icons will testify of our time

The blood we carry, must pass through

FEATURE

The Travel Diary of a Learned & Worldly Young Man

By Hektor Troy

Salutations, Stanger! Allow me to offer my introduction. My name is Franklin Volter. I am no one you would know or recognize. I am no celebrity or personality of any kind. Nor am I selling anything in this piece, but only offering a small spark of enlightenment and possibly some amusement. I am merely an ordinary man in these ordinary times who visited the lands of other countries to meet the people therein. To be honest, I am somewhat naïve, so I hope my gentle readers will indulge any statements of the obvious. I promise you, my discoveries were original and genuine to me. Indeed, this travel diary is a result of my aforementioned naivety and worldly innocence.

Upon finishing my collegiate education, I occasioned something of a tour of Europe. Blessed was I to have a wealthy benefactor- my Aunt Marie- to fund my excursion. She, seeing my ignorance, insisted on this trip to add a veneer of gloss and polish to an otherwise roughly-finished product. I laugh now about it. Surely, I could admit my own naivety, but my excitable Auntie thought me a dullard and blockhead. Believing these travels would broaden my views, she dispatched me to discover the wide diversity of humankind, to gain an appreciation

for the cultures of the world, and to view with my own eyes the historical legacies of the Old World. Being from a small town in America, her effervescent enthusiasm had me quite dazzled as I set off to mystical Europa. My education little prepared me for the experiences I would have and the sights I would behold.

Before my travels had barely commenced, I thought I met the whole world merely getting through the airport! My transoceanic flight was scheduled to depart from New York City. Ah, yes, New York, New York. "The Big Apple That Never Rots." What a town! Taking a train to the city, I presumably met a representative from every European nation in the car. On the cab ride from the train station to the airport, an Arabian drove me to my destination. I feared to miss the flight, as traffic delayed this transport, but my fear was misplaced. The mild delay turned to my advantage. Along the route, a construction project which slowed traffic offered me the opportunity to view representatives from seemingly every nation in Central America. Arriving at the airport, the sons of Africa handled my baggage with customary African care. Reaching the security line, a representative of India checked my identification cards for legitimacy. At the boarding gate, any number of Asians gathered in their huddles anticipating their flight back to the far Orient. Observing all these specimens of humanity, I silently wondered if the trip was still necessary. Had I not fulfilled my good Aunt's goal of meeting the world already? I considered turning about, but since I possessed the ticket, and my boarding number was called, I decided to move ahead with the plan and complete the journey not yet begun. And really, since all was booked in advance, why not proceed? I had no inkling if the trip was insured or not!

I will spare the reader tedious details of the flight and resume the travel diary at my arrival at London's famous Heathrow Airport. My first destination of the grand tour: Britannia! I met my first true Londoner just outside the terminal—my cabbie! After telling the good sir of my destination, I inquired into his opinions of his homeland. With a fond smile on his face, he told me many a tale of growing up by the great river flowing through the heart of his matchless commercial

> "My London driver displayed a true pride in his heritage, as is fit for a Briton. Enjoying his tales of growing up in Karachi, I asked him to show me the sights of London instead of taking me directly to my hotel."

city. Yes, he told me, the Indus is a magnificent river and Karachi a wondrous city. I could only nod in admiration at the man's fondness for his motherland. I must admit, though, I was struck at the similarity of my British cabbie was to the American cabbie I had recently left behind. I am at loss to explain it. I learned much on this trip, as I will tell, but please do not expect me to resolve all the mysteries of the universe to you, my good reader.

My London driver displayed a true pride in his heritage, as is fit for a Briton. Enjoying his tales of growing up in Karachi, I asked him to show me the sights of London instead of taking me directly to my hotel. My cab-driving Londoner drove me to heart of the venerable town, including a brief visit to City Hall, where the cab paused for me to briefly exit and take the full view of the fine building. I snapped a few pictures, of course. To our mutual surprise, the Mayor of London himself hailed the cab and hastily seated himself in my car! Not

willing to yield my ride, I reckoned this coincidence afforded me the opportunity to meet a local dignitary and esteemed official of the people. Introducing myself to the fellow—my second true Londoner and Briton—I was pleased to exchange cordialities before the Mayor and cab driver realized they were known to each other: they were cousins from Karachi. What a fortuitous coincidence! As both the kindly Mayor and friendly cabbie agreed to go to lunch—it being that time of day—they extended an invitation for me to join them. How grand, lunch with two true Londoners! I graciously accepted the invitation, excited to taste genuine English cuisine and to continue my conversation with these fine English gentlemen. Though English food is often derided in America, I found their national dish quite delectable. Indeed, I sampled as many variations of curry as I could.

As we ate our curry and drank our tea (as I suppose the English have for generations), the cab-driver related to the mayor my curiosity toward their homeland. They both told me much, and I learned a great deal, though never did I discover in which region of Britain "Pakistan" lies. Nonetheless, England is a jewel of a country in which a man can rise in status as far as his talents will raise him. From cab-driver to Mayor, any family of Pakistan can prosper in the capital city of London. Presumably, Englishmen from other regions can find similar opportunity, but I met none other in my stay.

I remained in Great Britain for my second destination, for Scotland is still a part of the United Kingdom. The Scottish are a fiercely independent people, however. I was pleased to discover their political sentiments in many a pub where I stopped for a pint. The Scottish adamantly have refused to follow in England's train out of the European Union. No, the Scottish talked loudly and repeatedly of going their own way back into the European Union. England or not, the European supra-state is the place for the independent-minded Scottish nation. I spoke a little with these free-thinking patriots, and felt truly enraptured by their eloquence on the need for continental unity. I wish only the best for them—no subordination to the English, certainly—but I hope they may rejoin the European Union and live under its generous subsidy and benevolent, bureaucratic wing.

There remained a final stop in my tour of the British Isles: Eire! You probably know it as Ireland, my good American. Certainly, the Emerald Isle enchants the visitor. It remains devoid of snakes through the miracle of St. Patrick and a curious people live there. I can only describe the Irish nation as chiaroscuro: a stark contrast of light and dark. The Irish appear as two races, one white and one black, with each as distinct from each other as a European from an African: the one with flaxen hair of ginger, the other with wooly hair darker than night; one with the lightest of pale skin, the other with skin darker than coal; the one kicking a soccer ball into open nets on native fields, the other shooting a basketball through the hanging hoops of native courts. How one people diverged so widely in appearance on their common island remains a mystery to me. None would speak of the difference, but only that one Ireland exists. Ah well, such is the wonder of a nation like Ireland.

> "The Irish appear as two races, one white and one black, with each as distinct from each other as a European from an African."

Sad to leave, I ventured forth from the British Isles to the continent proper. Crossing the Channel, I journeyed to France, land of the Sacred Blue. The city of Paris was my destination in the land of the Franks, and what a marvelous destination it is. What sites! I had known the French retained much of their historical religiosity despite the secular nature of the government- Le Republic. Alas, I arrived too late to behold the cathedral of Notre Dame, which had burned down so recently. The secular authorities discerned the mystery of

the calamitous pyre after a sensitive and careful investigation: an accident of unknown origins. Truly, the efficiency of scientific government is not to be underestimated. Presumably that efficiency is why the religious people of France tolerate the secular form of government.

But where was I . . . oh yes, the Parisian faithful! I admit to doubting the stories about them, but I observed their devotion with my own eyes—and often five times a day! Yes, the Parisian faithful heed the multiple calls to pray blasted through the air from their holy spires. An ear-piercing, sky-shattering shrieking of their local churchman from his church tower calls them to five-times daily to worship their Creator. Falling on their knees, the reverent Parisians commit to full obeisance. From their knees, they lean forward until they touch their foreheads to the ground in abject humility before their divinity, or in that direction anyway. One cannot doubt the religiosity of the Franks once one has seen it.

The French are also known for their cuisine. I relished the chance to dine and discover this for myself, and I can confirm the quality of their dishes. Unfortunately, I could not eat as often as the locals wanted me too. Those same devote Parisians often invited me to eat when I simply could eat no more. In-between their prayers, they seemed eager to cook for me. Waving their meat-cleavers and slicing knives in my direction, I assume they wanted me to patronize their kitchen. I must admit that I did not always understand their shouts and calls, my French not being excellent and their accent being peculiar. I had to decline numerous times, as politely as I could, but some of the more enthusiastic chefs chased after me with their carving utensils in hand. Such a fanatical dedication to church

“Oh yes, the Parisian faithful! I admit to doubting the stories about them, but I observed their devotion with my own eyes—and often five times a day! Yes, the Parisian faithful heed the multiple calls to pray blasted through the air from their holy spires.”

and kitchen I have not heard of anywhere else in the world; now I have seen it in France among the French.

From France, my itinerary took me to Germany through Holland. The Netherlands is famous for its tulips, dykes, and toleration. Words cannot express the beauty of the tulip fields. The dykes are a feat of engineering few nations can surpass. But above these, the toleration of the people is paramount. Indeed, I witnessed an extraordinary series of tolerances in my brief stay. I happened to see a particular Dutchman protest against the religion of Mohammed and those who practice it—for his own reasons—in broad daylight in a bustling public square. The passers-by seemed to disapprove of the man's demonstration, but nonetheless tolerated it. The man's protest was concluded when another group of Dutchmen arrived to conduct their own protest of his protest. These Dutchmen, more numerous and swarthy than the first Dutchman, beheaded the first protester—for their own reasons—in broad daylight in the bustling public square. Remarkably, the Dutch passers-by tolerated this protest as well as the first! Other nations, more narrow-minded, would surely object to such uproarious public scandal, but

not the tolerant Hollanders. Shortly after the second protest, a Dutch politician arrived to demonstrate against not the original public protest, but only the second protest. His demonstration—for his own reasons—was also conducted in broad daylight in the bustling public square, despite fears of another protest-beheading. The tolerant Dutchmen recoiled at this partiality. They booed and hissed at the intolerant politician. Police arrived in due order to remove him from the public square, as befits a tolerant people. So it was in the Netherlands. May they ever tolerate their protests by words and knives equally.

From Holland, I rode the train into Germany. I must admit, the Germans were the most remarkable people I met in my travels. I knew from my studies in college that, politically, Germany is a new country though the German peoples have long shared cultural, historical, and linguistic traditions. Within those broader similarities, the country is a composite of many regional identities. True, a common German identity unites them, but each region contains its own variation on the common whole. I knew of Saxons and Bavarians, of Rhinelanders and Prussians, but on this trip I would meet the Gastarbeiters. I must confess to have never heard of this German people and I remain ignorant of where their region actually is in Germany proper. I met my Gastarbeiters in Berlin, where they must have moved for work. Given the purpose of my trip to broaden my understanding of the European people, I consider myself fortunate to have met this new-to-me German people. I spent much time with them, and they instructed me in the ways of traditional German culture. They taught me how much Germans revere the land of the Ottoman sultans (for some reason). They taught me that Mustafa Kemal Ataturk was the greatest statesman since Suleiman the Magnificent (I had thought the Germans had preferred Bismarck or Frederick Barbarossa). Most deliciously, they educated me in the ways of German eating. I had heard Germans are famous for sausage and beer, but the Gastarbeiter corrected my false impression. With them, I ate kebab with grilled vegetables and rice and drank coffee, as Germans are wont to. After our meals, we smoked flavored tobacco through a communal smoking device called a "hookah" as Germans traditionally do. Truly, I learned much from the Gastarbeiter of Germany. I thank them from the bottom of my heart.

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On a side-note, I must add that Germany seemed to be a popular tourist destination. I saw many black Irish there, and any number of Londoners who looked very much like my cabbie and the Mayor himself. I presume they were tourists, though they often acted more at home in Germany than the native Gastarbeiters themselves. I also spied a group of fair-skinned tourists, though I could not place their origin. By language, they could not have been Scottish or ginger Irish. Probably they were visiting Swedes or Norwegians. Not very friendly, they seemed rather embarrassed to be in Germany at all. Alas, I was unable to learn much about them.

I departed Germany for a decided change of scenery: to the mountains and great river valley of Austria. Truly, the titanic Alps strike puny mortals with awe. I doubt even the Olympian heights of Greece compare, but I did not include that ancient land in my tour. Equally impressive is the architecture of Vienna. This splendid city on the Danube teems with the constructed charms of man's designs. The people of Austria are charming as well. I conversed with several over hot chocolate and cakes at a few cafes. Though the Austrians tell me they are a Germanic people, they could not be more different from the Gastarbeiters I met in Germany proper. In Austria they ate a variety of encased meats called "wursts" and drank beers, as I had been told Germans did. No kebab and coffee among the Germanic Austrians. Possessing these widely-different customs, I would dare say the Austrians hardly looked German at all. At least, they appeared to be another race from the Gastarbeiters of Germany, and more like the visiting Norwegians and Swedes. But, I am neither a historian of European peoples nor a biologist. I know not how these occurrences came to be.

I took a day-trip from Austria to Hungary, mainly to see the historic city of Budapest, but also to meet the Hungarians. The people were wonderful. Their spicy goulash tastes like no other dish I've encountered. Hungarian paprika is like nothing sold under that name in America. However, politics, which I tried to avoid entirely, made an intrusion into my visit to Hungary. The Hungarians have expressed their unhappiness with the frequent visits and extended stays of black Irish, British cabdrivers, devout French, and German Gastarbeiter tourists to their lands. In response, the Hungarian government has implemented restrictions on certain travelers. To put it simply, the

> If a people desire to preserve their common customs, then I suppose border controls are necessary. Especially once one sees how different the British, black Irish, the French, and the Germans are from the Hungarians. But making sense in politics confounds even the experts!

Hungarian government asserts the authority to control its national borders. Don't ask me why, but this angers the tourists, the governments of those countries, and the European Union itself. I do not know what to make of the dispute. I can only relate how warmly the friendly Hungarians welcomed me to their country as a traveling tourist. Being well-treated on my visit, I reciprocated with my proper behavior while touring the country. Not being a political scientist, I haven't the faintest idea how the dispute will end. It does seem rather apparent that a small country like Hungary can only cater to a small number of tourists at any one time before it would become more like a bus station or an airport shopping mall than a country. If a people desire to preserve their common customs, then I suppose border controls are necessary. Especially once one sees how different the British, black Irish, the French, and the Germans are from the Hungarians. But making sense in

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politics confounds even the experts!

After Austria and Hungary, I crossed the Alps and sallied forth to my final European destination: Italia! I cannot say I viewed everything the Old World has to offer, but I have observed all I could. In truth, Italy contained the most perplexing sight yet. At first, the historical ruins from the era of ancient Rome stopped my very breath, the still-standing Pantheon most of all. The Forum, the Arch of Constantine, the Coliseum—all these testify to the extraordinary talent, organization, and glory of that matchless civilization. It made me think of how these ancient monuments differ from modern constructions as elderly Italians differ from Italian youths. For as the ancient buildings are of marble and the modern of glass and steel, so the old Italians are fair-skinned as the youths are black as coal or as brown as wet sand. What prodigy of nature is this! Do the Italians grow lighter in skin tone as they age? Is their skin black at birth but grows white with age, as hair often does? Do the Italians use cosmetics- a skin-lightening cream perhaps- to produce the strange phenomenon? The sight dumbfounded me and I remain vexed even at my remove. Nothing on the internet, at any rate, can explain why old Italians are white and young Italians are black

> Do the Italians use cosmetics—a skin-lightening cream perhaps—to produce the strange phenomenon? The sight dumbfounded me and I remain vexed even at my remove. Nothing on the internet, at any rate, can explain why old Italians are white and young Italians are black and brown.

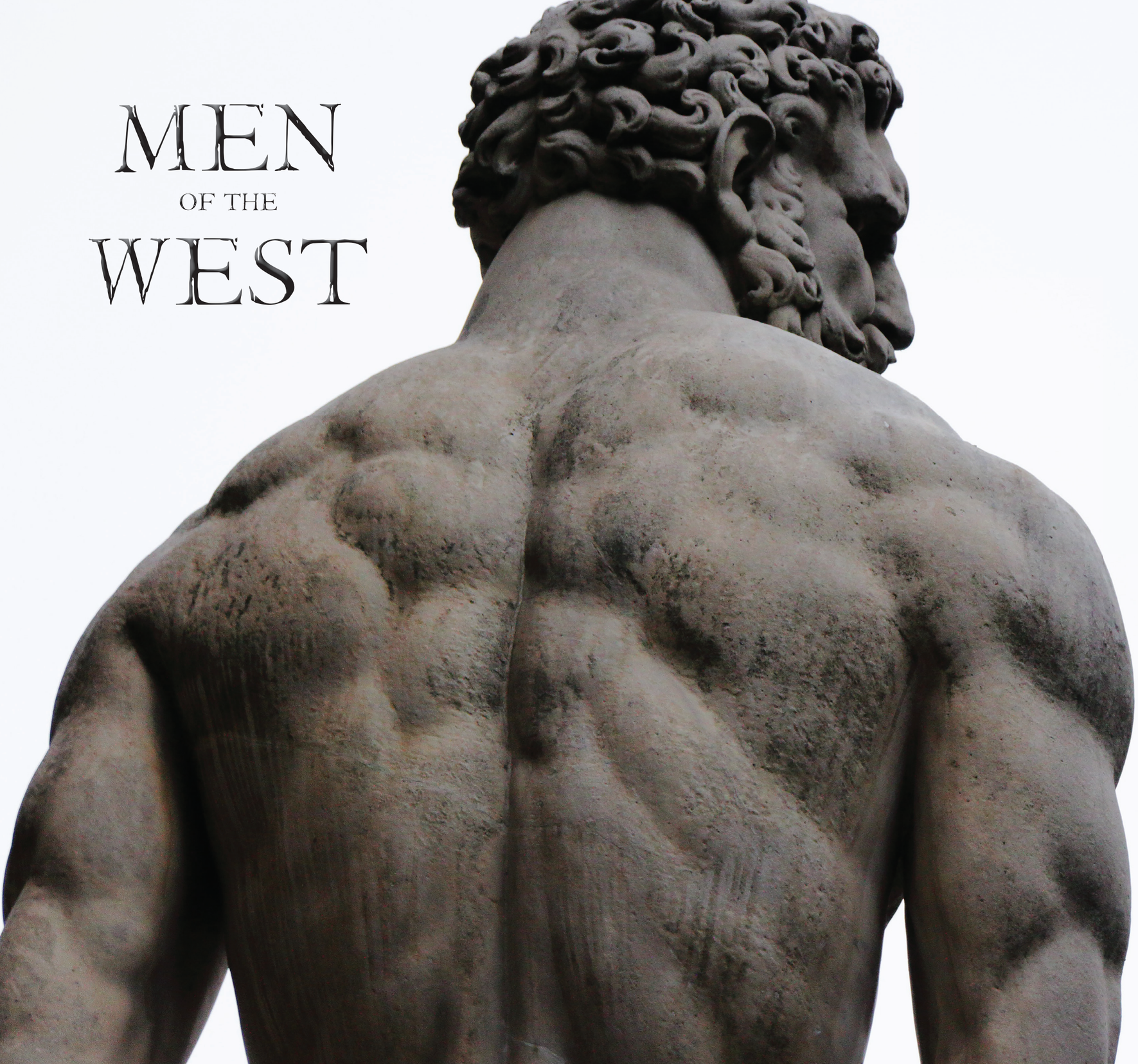
and brown.

The economy of Italy also struck me as odd. In truth, the public square is truly peculiar in certain regards. Stores exist, of course, and are owned by older Italians- those whiter ones. However, a tourist such as myself could hardly reach these stores, as the younger Italians—the browner ones especially—had opened rows upon rows of makeshift stalls in front of the fixed stores. Indeed, the sidewalks and squares overflowed with the wares of brown-skinned Italians on sale at their tables and in their tents. Truly, the scene called to mind the image of a desert bazaar. But why would such a device, the marketplace of nomads, be found in Rome, the capital of a great European nation? Strangest of all, the merchants operating these tent-stalls appeared to be Frenchmen! At least, they carried the same visage as my devout, Parisian friends. They even prayed like Parisians. I suppose the sense of this is that Italians are also a religious people, so they have graciously extended an invitation to their cousins in France to engage in commerce in Italy. I don't know, but the chaotic atmosphere of the bazaar made entering the stores of the other Italians quite difficult.

Ah well, so I saw the Old World. I toured Europe, discovered much, and learned first-hand the customs of the nations. Yet, I feel that having come to know the British cabbies and mayors, the black Irish, the devout Frenchmen, the tolerant Dutchmen, the Gastarbeiter Germans with their kebab and hookah, the widely colored Italians, I feel as though America is filled with these people as well. Moreover, we contain the rich variety of Mexico and Central America as well. To have traveled so far only to find that all I saw exists in my own country astounds me. Only the Hungarians, with a special concern for their borders, their culture, and their people, struck me as alien to America. But that is why one travels: to discover strange people and to learn from them. □

> To have traveled so far only to find that all I saw exists in my own country astounds me.

MEN OF THE WEST



Our fathers the Men of the West toiled, fought, and bled.
They lived and died to create a world for their progeny.
They were explorers, inventors, warriors, farmers, artists, statesmen and philosophers.
They carved out a civilization from the barren and dangerous Earth.
Hardening their instinct and intellect; along with their wives and their children, they conquered all.

Men of the West, be proud of what your Fathers made. Continue to create, conquer, and flourish.
Women of the West, nurture and endure alongside your Men. Give them a reason to fight.
Children of the West, be aware of your great inheritance, be aware of the blood and treasure expended in its creation, and carry the torch of your People into the future.

Be Noble, be just and kind. But tolerate nothing degenerate or destructive to your Western Kind.
No other race of Men has given so much to the cause of humanity, so much to advance human dignity, so much to human enlightenment, so much to the benefit of all human kind.

Do not let those of other tribes disparage you, steal from you, shame you, or conquer you.

You are Sons of the Men of the West, act like it.

—Afíbjorn

The back of Hercules. Part of the statue *Hercules and Cacus* in Florence, Italy. Created by artist Baccio Bandinelli, the work was first unveiled in 1534.

@ afibjorn
Afibjorn is a Native Northern Vermonter and a proud Westman.

Go Free

A Guide to Aligning with the Archetype of Westernkind

Go Free by Jason Köhne is one of the most unique and important books in the white-positive cannon of literature. A reader reviews the book and relates her own experience of using it to Go Free.

By K.D.

Can you imagine a world where every white person is completely free of white guilt? Imagine if our people were equipped with an array of tools to effectively and efficiently combat every form of anti-whiteism invented by our victimizers. That is the world envisioned by author Jason Köhne, and the world he is helping to bring about with his masterful work, *Go Free: A Guide to Aligning with the Archetype of Westernkind*.

Köhne (pronounced koo-nuh) awakened to anti-whiteism as a child, and has been a part of the white-positive sphere his entire adult life, attending conferences, interviewing the best thinkers in our movement, and hosting multiple weekly live streams. He also spent time working on Capitol Hill. *Go Free* is the culmination of his work and life experience.

The book is based on the understanding that the white biospirit, or instinct, is one of remarkable intelligence, creativity, bravery, and innovation. We are an extraordinary race, capable of heights as of yet unimagined, if we can just align ourselves with the Spirit of our people. However, the cumulative effects of white guilt cripple us mentally, physically, and spiritually, both as individuals and as a people, such that we are no longer aligned with that greatness. All whites have been infected with subconscious white guilt through what Köhne terms "meme pathogens." A meme pathogen is an oft-repeated concept meant to instill white-guilt in our people, including such lies as "diversity is our strength"

> It's not enough to hear 'Diversity is our strength' and think, 'No it's not!' That is weak and insufficient to counteract the relentless subconscious programming with which we are bombarded daily. An effective meme curative would be, 'Diversity is death.'

and "institutionalized racism oppresses minorities." We hear such phrases all the time, and we see them acted out on TV, in the movies, in news stories, and in children's books. Anti-whiteism is everywhere, and presents an oppressive force beating down on white children and adults alike, guilting us into submission to the antiwhite narrative. Years of such conditioning result in a people full of white-noir. According to Köhne, the antidote to white-noir is threefold. First, we have to recognize anti-whiteism in all its myriad forms so that we may defend ourselves against it. When the bad guy in a children's movie is an Eastern European, that is anti-whiteism, as Eastern Europe is currently the stronghold of majority-white society. When the white guy in the commercial is dorky and awkward but the black guy is suave and cool, that is anti-whiteism. When a company is offered a tax break for subcontracting with companies owned by non-whites, that is anti-whiteism.

Second, we have to identify the meme pathogens with which we are infected. Many who have been in the white positive sphere for a while don't think they harbor any white guilt. But even just using the language of our oppressors is still a form of white guilt. Calling anti-whites "racists" or "bigots" is still using terms that, for all intents and purposes, are anti-white slurs. Joking around that you are a "Nazi" may seem funny or subversive, but it's actually playing into the hands of the anti-whites and represents deep-seated white guilt. Instead, we must develop our own whitepositive lexicon, which Köhne has done in *Go Free*, and which I am attempting to model here.

Just as we don't use the language of our oppressors, we also don't allow them the names of their choosing. We do not call them progressives, communists, Antifa, feminists, globalists, Black Lives Matter, cultural Marxists, Muslims, etc. We name them all by the one thing they have in common, because that is their true aim: they are anti-whites. This is why pro-abortion feminists and Muslims in hijabs can get together at the same protest and fight on the same side. Regardless of their stated pretexts,

they are anti-white. We therefore refer to them as anti-whites.

Third, we must counteract our meme pathogens with meme curatives. It's not enough to hear "Diversity is our strength" and think, "No it's not!" That is weak and insufficient to counteract the relentless subconscious programming with which we are bombarded daily. An effective meme curative would be, "Diversity is death."

Our counter-statements must be stronger than the meme pathogens themselves. When anti-whites claim they just want equality for everyone, you tell them, "There is no excellence where there is equality." When the anti-whites call some activity or place too white, we call it "Pristine." When an anti-white calls you angry, you reply, "Anger is a virtue when it protects the innocent." When an anti-white lies that we are a nation of immigrants, you reply, "Whites cannot be immigrants to Western Civilization. We build it wherever we go. It exists only because we exist."

I have read *Go Free* four times over the course of the past year. It's a fast but pithy read that lends itself well to re-examination. Every time I read it, I am strengthened as an advocate for white-wellbeing. The book includes exercises at the end of each chapter, and as I develop my skills, I keep adding new insights.

For example, one of the exercises asks the reader to "Formulate a statement you could make in response to the (meme pathogen) that "Westmen create social conditions which compel nonwhites to deal drugs.""

Here are my responses:

1. Westmen create social conditions that allow anyone intelligent and hard-working to succeed, and non-whites benefit from systemic anti-whiteism. If a non-white doesn't succeed in the West, it is because he lacks intelligence, integrity, and a strong work ethic.
2. Criminality and corruption are part of the biospirit of most non-white races, as evidenced by the corrupt societies they create. Such criminality happens whether Westmen are present in those societies or not.
3. Non-white criminals choose to be criminals, and that has nothing to do with Westernkind. If every white person disappeared tomorrow, all the non-white criminals wouldn't suddenly start displaying honesty and a Protestant work ethic.
4. Non-whites are not meant to live in Western Civilization. They do not share our biospirit and are uncomfortable here. They must return to their ancestral homelands to have any real chance at success as they might define it.
5. This is yet another meme pathogen the anti-whites are using to try to destroy my personal well-being and the well-being of all whites, including innocent white children. That is evil.

> "I have read *Go Free* four times over the course of the past year. It's a fast but pithy read that lends itself well to re-examination. Every time I read it, I am strengthened as an advocate for white-wellbeing."

Equipped with the tools outlined in *Go Free*, I now win every argument I have online with anti-whites or with vagues, those who may not hate white people outright but nonetheless virtue signal in anti-white ways (e.g. Civic Nationalists). It has become comically easy to deconstruct their arguments, which are always weak and typically involve a straw-man, a non sequitur, an explosion of outrage, or an equivalence fallacy (further explained in *Go Free*). When engaging in such verbal battles, I follow Köhne's recommendations. I do not defend myself ("I am NOT a 'Nazi'"). Instead, I go on the offensive. When an anti-white

writes, "Bigot!" I reply with "You are an antiwhite and your anti-white slurs are not an argument against what I said. Disprove me." They never can. A non sequitur typically follows, and I redirect the conversation back to the point I was making. At this point they usually give up.

I do not engage in such conversations to win over true anti-whites, but to influence the thinking of any vagues reading the exchange. Many of our conversations remain visible online for years, and we have no idea how many people we may inspire with them. I also engage in these conversations to hone my debate skills so that I'm prepared for in-real-life confrontations, which I find much more challenging. I'm not one of those snappy-comeback kinds of people, and our oppressors are armed to the teeth with anti-white arguments that sound very reasonable on the surface. I need training in how to defeat our victimizers, and I have found that in *Go Free*.

The subtitle of Köhne's book is *A*

> “Aligning myself with the archetype of our people has indeed given me strength, resolve, and purpose I didn’t know I possessed. I am so much more confident in myself that I sometimes feel like a completely different person than I was just a few years ago.”

Guide to Aligning with the Archetype of Westernkind. Merriam-Webster defines archetype as, “an inherited idea or mode of thought in the psychology of C. G. Jung that is derived from the experience of the race and is present in the unconscious of the individual.” I find it marvelous that Jung defines archetypes in terms of race. Aligning myself with the archetype of our people has indeed given me strength, resolve, and purpose I didn’t know I possessed. I am so much more confident in myself that I sometimes feel like a completely different person than I was just a few years ago.

As far as I know, *Go Free* is the only book of it’s kind in the canon of white-positive literature. Not only it is unique, it is uniquely brilliant. It has the potential to equip every white person with the tools we need to recapture our destiny. Of great importance, *Go Free* doesn’t address ancillary topics such as IQ or the JQ, so it’s suitable to normal white people with normal sensibilities and can be given as a gift to “normie” friends and relatives. But I suggest reading it for your own benefit first.

Whether you are new to the white-positive sphere or a seasoned veteran of twenty AmRen conferences, you will find value in Köhne’s practical approach to our collective dilemma. May we all Go Free so that we may reclaim our homelands and recapture our destiny. □

Go Free: A Guide to Aligning with the Archetype of Westernkind is available on Amazon and at NoWhiteGuiltCollectibles.com. It is also available for download in Kindle format.

Sculpture of the bandaged, severed head of St. John the Baptist in the Santa Maria degli Angeli e dei Martiri, Baths of Diocletian, Rome.

the People We Must Be

From the independence of Ionia against their Persian tyrants,
The Greek triumph and the Golden Age of Athens,
Birthing our beloved Western Civilization,
To the conquests of Alexander the Great,
Ending with the world stage of Rome

We were at the Roman expansion into the Mediterranean and Western Europe,
Will was the way and the backbone of our Germanic, Pictish, and Scottish tribes,
Never submitting to the Empire's extension and rule,
Ever changing when Christianity was adopted and worshipped,
Submit to the Almighty, and who can be against us?

Our ancestors of Goths, Vandals, Franks, Saxons, Slavs, Avars, Vikings,
People in Western Europe endure the Dark Ages with Byzantine holding fast,
Deserve our respect for their clash against Muslim Arab invaders,
Their victory against Umayyad's failed second siege of Constantinople,
Home of history's bravest men from Charles Martel to Odo the Great.

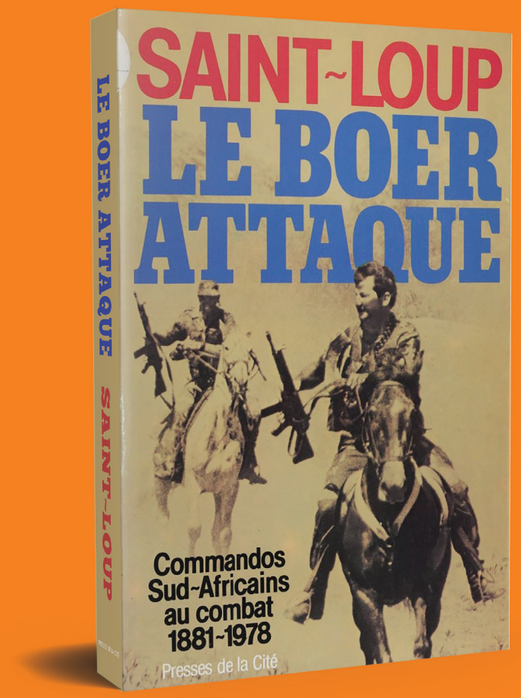
We're innovators of prosperity, progress, philosophy, pilgrimage
Not to be censored, displaced, maligned, and erased in the creeping cancer of envy
Ashamed they make us to be in our own flesh and being
Of shallow, self-loathing husks striped of identity and root
History is theirs they proclaim, not ours they insist

I am of European descent
Stand with me today all ye that labor for our people's survival
With the love and appreciation
My ancestors deserve for their sacrifice and suffering
People we must never take for granted and strive to be

By Anna

The Boer Attacks

Review by Dionysos Andronis



The Boer attacks: South African commandos in combat, 1881-1978 , *Presses de la Cité*, 1981.

Born in 1908 in Bordeaux, soldier, mountaineer, and writer Saint-Loup—Marc Augier—lived in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) after the war.

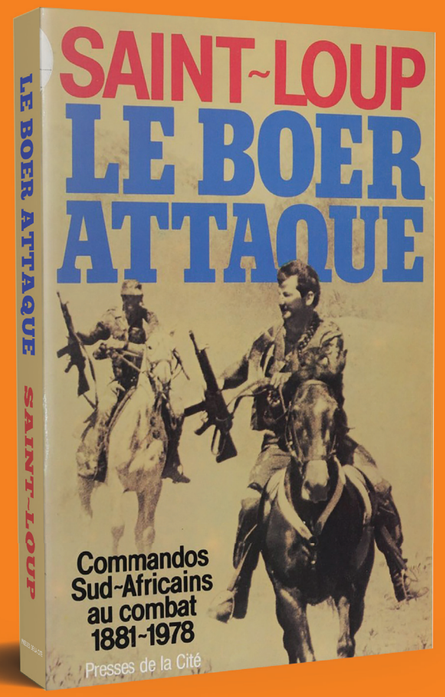
Aldo Lee is South African and that's the Reason why we have read with great interest the above novel of our favorite French novelist Saint Loup (born Marc Augier). This time we will first quote you this summary of the old film "Come back Africa" (1959) by Lionel Rogosin and you will understand immediately why we do this: "To get his family out of poverty, a Zulu, Zachariah , left his family to come and earn money at the mine, but the gold mining pays the black worker badly and after two years of separation and hard life at the bottom of the mine, Zachariah, who has a work permit, goes to Johannesburg to look for work, a domestic servant of an English household. Harshly treated by the contemptuous and hostile young woman despite her husband's recommendations, Zachariah continues her quest for work. His comrade Eddie has him hired in a garage where he works, but the clumsiness of Zachariah, where the misunderstanding of the White soon deprive him of any resource. In the meantime, his young wife, Virah, came to find him. can remain separated and they try to reproach endure family life with their children. But the blacks Tsotsi—"thugs"—are as dangerous and painful for Zachariah and his family as the thousand racist laws, incomprehensible to him "(copied by the French site" Cinéressources")

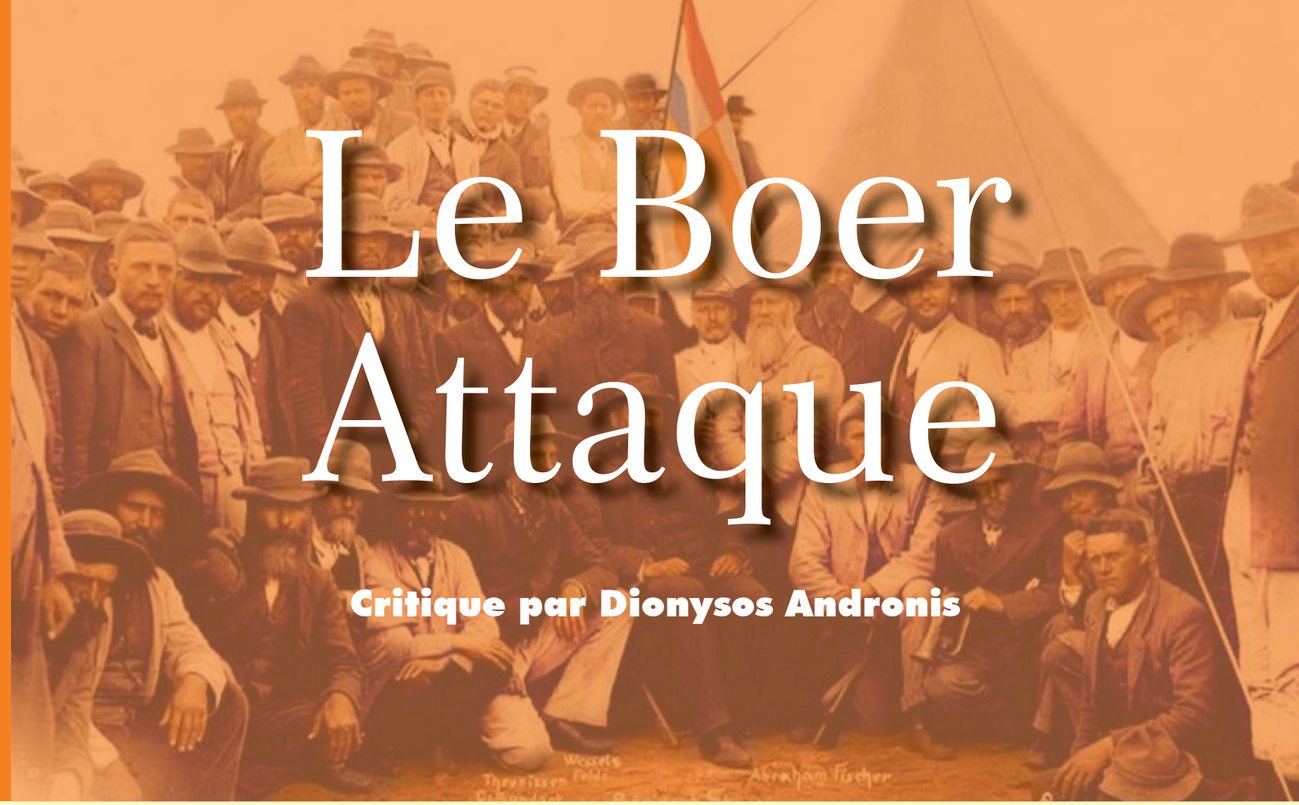
In the movie above a black will be killed by another black. You now understand that White South Africans have been targets of black thugs (tsotsi in the local dialect) and the good evidence would be that Saint Wolf novel that begins its history by the nineteenth century. Saint Loup arrived in Rhodesia (not yet Zimbabwe) a few years after the end of the Second World War as a political refugee who fled the Zionist laws of his country who sentenced him to prison for "collaboration with the SS". Boers are the White farmers of South Africa who were brutally exterminated by the blacks before the establishment of apartheid (separation) so that they enjoy the benefits. "This history book, strictly documented, is also a novel by the design of the heroes who animate it since Winston Churchill, prisoner of the Boers, to Villebois-Mareuil, descendant of the winners of Bouvines who will live and die for them "(written on the back cover).

This French citizen Villebois-Mareuil will be victim of his cosmopolitanism like the wife of Jan Duplessis, the white Boer, since "Your white woman trapped by the English will die" (op.cit.page 89). The English will play the Zionist game of black support in order to prevent the transition to apartheid which will eventually be practiced in the middle of the next century.

We also loved the pictures after page 96, one of which shows us "the national-socialist bozer Leibbrandt just arrived at the Transvaal in 1941 to convert his country" (op.cit., between pages 96-97) making to us the nazi gesture. □

Le Boer Attaque : Commandos sud-africains au combat 1881-1978, de Saint Loup, éditions *Presses de la Cité*, Paris, 1981.





Le Boer Attaque

Critique par Dionysos Andronis

Nous avons lu avec un grand interêt le roman de notre romancier français préféré Saint Loup (né Marc Augier). Cette fois nous allons d'abord vous citer ce résumé du film ancien "Come back Africa"(1959) de Lionel Rogosin et vous allez comprendre tout de suite pourquoi nous faisons ça :"Pour sortir sa famille de la pauvreté, un Zoulou, Zachariah, a quitté les siens afin de venir gagner de l'argent à la mine. Mais l'extraction de l'or paie mal l'ouvrier noir et, au bout de deux ans de séparation et de vie dure au fond de la mine, Zachariah, muni d'un permis de travail, part chercher du travail à Johannesburg. D'abord domestique d'un ménage anglais, durement traité par la jeune femme méprisante et hostile malgré les recommandations de son mari, Zachariah poursuit sa quête du travail. Son camarade Eddie le fait embaucher dans un garage où il travaille, mais les maladresses successives de Zachariah, où l'incompréhension des Blancs le privent bientôt de toute ressource. Entre temps, sa jeune femme, Virah, est venue le retrouver. Le foyer ne peut rester séparé et ils tentent de reprendre la vie de famille avec leurs enfants. Mais les noirs « Tsotsi » - des voyous - sont aussi dangereux et pénibles pour Zachariah et les siens que les mille lois racistes, incompréhensibles pour lui" (copié par le site français "Cinéressources")

Dans le film ci-dessus un noir sera tué par un autre noir. Vous comprenez maintenant que les sud-africains blancs ont été les cibles des voyous (tsotsi dans le dialecte local) noirs et la bonne preuve serait ce roman de Saint Loup qui commence son histoire par le 19e siècle. Saint Loup est arrivé en Rhodésie (pas encore Zimbabwe) quelques années après la fin de la deuxième guerre mondiale en tant que refugié politique ayant fui les lois sionistes de son pays qui l'ont condamné en prison pour "collaboration avec les SS".Les Boers sont les fermiers blancs d'Afrique du Sud qui ont été sauvagement exterminés par les noirs avant l'instauration de l'apartheid (séparation) afin que ces derniers jouissent des avantages. "Ce livre d'histoire, strictement documenté, est aussi un roman par le dessein des héros qui l'animent depuis Winston Churchill, prisonnier des Boers, jusqu'à Villebois-Mareuil, descendant des vainqueurs de Bouvines qui va vivre et mourir pour eux" (écrit sur la couverture du dos).

Ce citoyen français Villebois-Mareuil sera victime de son cosmopolitisme comme l'épouse de Jan Duplessis, le Boer blanc, puisque "Ta femme blanche prisonnière des anglais va mourir" (op.cit.page 89). Les anglais vont jouer le jeu sioniste de l'appui des noirs afin d'empêcher le passage vers l'apartheid qui sera finalement pratiqué à la moitié du siècle suivant.

Nous avons adoré aussi les photos qui se trouvent après la page 96 dont une nous montre "le boer national-socialiste Leibbrandt vient d'arriver au Transvaal en 1941 pour convertir son pays" (op.cit. entre les pages 96-97) en train de faire le salut nazi. □

OPPOSITE:

View of the Bay of Naples

"The Bay of Naples is shown here with a wide-angle view from the end of the bay to the west of Naples to the notorious volcano of Vesuvius at the far righ—glowing, burning and smoking. Naples itself is at the very centre of the composition, lying in a protected semicircular harbour that is recognizable even today. Important landmarks of the city can be seen from left to right: the Castel dell'Ovo on the island of Megaride on the left, the tower on the protruding Isolotto di San Vincenzo, the conspicuous facade of the Castel Nuovo with its three dominating towers and Castel Sant'Elmo on the hilltop further to the back."

—Elke Oberthaler et al., from *Bruegel.* Thames & Hudson, 2018, p. 144.

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"*My Mirror Tells a Story* is about a white child who struggles to fit in. His family loves him, but he is confused by the hostile, anti-white environment of his school. He feels isolated and lonely. He feels alienated from his non-white classmates. And he cannot understand why his school's curriculum focuses only on the successes of people who are not like him.

He goes to his parents for guidance, and they share with him how he is the inheritor of a great civilization. They tell him about great thinkers and inventors of the past who were white. Every time he looks in the mirror, he should see that he has many reasons to be proud—of himself, his family, and his people."

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FEATURE

Introducing the Work of Sean Haughton

This is an excerpt from Sean Haughton's book Guided by Ghosts.

"Tell me, George, what are the religious teachings like in school?" asked the brother.

George couldn't help but tut.

"They've always felt like . . . I think Dad always called them indoctrinations. Instead of learning about the meaning of life, they've always been about supposed rights and wrongs. And if you don't show any enthusiasm or submission, you get judged. Funny how all their stories sound like fairytales that we're supposed to believe but when I prefer a different kind of fiction then I'm in the wrong."

The siblings both gave tired looking grins.

"Some things never change, then", sighed the sister with a casual air of cynicism. "Don't you find it funny though, George? If society is anything like it was 20 years ago, and to be honest I get the impression it has only worsened, then it is remarkable how people are so misguided. Obsessed with finding peace and spirituality in sects that have no relationship to their own origins. The three dominant religions are all Abrahamic; Christianity, Islam and Judaism. Judaism of course is the spiritual and social reflection of the racial Jews, while Islam is the spiritual reflection of many Arab peoples. Christianity meanwhile is nothing more than a petty offspring of Judaism fed into the European way of life so long ago. Our Father once said

the injection of Christianity into Europe was like a nurse euthanizing her patients by injecting poison into their feeding tubes. Me and the brother took that into school once. Safe to say the teachers weren't exactly friendly from that day onwards..."

This time the brother gave a hearty laugh.

"Oh yes! Mrs. Cowsill and her beloved bible were most offended. She tried getting the headmaster to refer our parents to social services for antisemitism. But it was just another example of how we saw life so differently to those around us from an early age, and to us it only became clearer every day that we saw the world without blinkers. Like I said earlier, people generally like to conceal from themselves the true nature of humanity and the world we live in. When you challenge such notions, you challenge their worldview and you challenge their sanctuary. Doing so leads them to feel threatened, and so in turn they threaten you."

George could familiarize with this immediately. So often had he felt under siege by those around him, though on reflection they were almost acting in aggressive self-defence. In questioning what they believed in, he

People generally like to conceal from themselves the true nature of humanity and the world we live in. When you challenge such notions, you challenge their worldview and you challenge their sanctuary. Doing so leads them to feel threatened, and so in turn they threaten you.

had unintentionally exposed a gap in their overbearing defences, and this had made enemies of his peers. Undoubtedly his own personal deficiencies only worsened matters, but he could feel the rush of serotonin as he began to realise that there was more to his problems than simply him being "a bit weird". Suddenly, he began to see more ...

The sister interrupted his thought pattern.

"Have you noticed how people who try and escape such troubles do so by seeking spiritual awakening?"

"Yes", George answered. "I once saw a man in town dressed in an orange gown chanting something to himself about 'Krishna'".

The sister nodded, "Exactly. But you may also have noticed something more. These people seek spirituality in sects that have no relation to us. They travel down non-European pathways, believing that what will guide them comes from lands far away, and so missing what is right before their eyes. Not that seeking inner peace from elsewhere around the world is to be frowned upon, but you can't help but be cynical when you see such people claiming to have found spiritual awakening when their own lands have held the keys right before them. They just simply haven't looked in the right places."

People confuse cynicism with negativity, when in actual fact cynicism prevents you from being swept away by myth and fallacy. Ironic, given that we are drifting amongst a very different realm. You should be cynical about what you are experiencing right now; being so will allow you to find greater answers.

Now it was George's turn to nod, but he had a question.

"Isn't that one of the main problems with people like us, though? That we're too cynical?"

"Yes and no", the brother interjected. "Cynicism is a key tool to seeing the world in its true form. People confuse cynicism with negativity, when in actual fact cynicism prevents you from being swept away by myth and fallacy. Ironic, given that we are drifting amongst a very different realm. You should be cynical about what you are experiencing right now; being so will allow you to find greater answers."

For a second, George was perplexed, and then briefly confused.

"Wait, so IS this real? This realm? Or am I dreaming?"

Once again, the twins chuckled.

"Given that you are in another realm, how could you possibly determine whether it is real or not when you have never experienced anything like it before?" the sister asked him.

George had nothing to say. He simply gave another nod, this time slow and appreciative of what was happening. □

Privilege?

From *Second Wave* By Sean Haughton

"PRIVILEGE" IS ALL AROUND US.

AS THE TIDE TURNS, AND HOMELANDS ARE BURNED, "PRIVILEGE" REMAINS THE CONSTANT.

PRIVILEGED OPPORTUNITIES AND PRIVILEGED HOMES, PRIVILEGED LIVES FOR PRIVILEGED DRONES.

"PRIVILEGE" IS WATCHING YOUR COMMUNITIES DIE, THE REPLACEMENT WE SUFFER BRINGS A TEAR TO YOUR EYE.

"PRIVILEGE" IS THE MEN & BOYS BEING KICKED IN THE DIRT, WHILE THE WOMEN & GIRLS ARE DEFILED AND LEFT IN A WORLD OF HURT.

WHEN WHITE EUROPEANS ARE SPAT AT & TOLD THEY NEED NOT APPLY,

THEN OPEN YOUR EYES AND REALISE

WHITE PRIVILEGE IS NOTHING BUT A LIE.

WE LIVE IN A SOCIETY

From *Second Wave* By Sean Haughton

WE LIVE IN A SOCIETY WHERE COMMON COURTESY IS CRASS AND DECENCY IS DEAD.

WE LIVE IN A SOCIETY WHERE DEVIANCY IS RIFE, WITH NO CARE FOR THE UNBORN LIFE.

WE LIVE IN A SOCIETY WHERE FINANCE REIGNS SUPREME, WITH NO END IN SIGHT FOR THE PEOPLE'S PLIGHT.

WE LIVE IN A SOCIETY WHERE OUR ANCESTRY IS SPAT ON AND OUR IDENTITY IS BATTERED & BRUISED.

WE LIVE IN A SOCIETY WHERE PROGRESSION IS REGRESSION, AND EVOLUTION IS DEVOLUTION.

WE LIVE IN A SOCIETY.

What does it mean to be a Folk?

Featuring all original essays and perspectives by:

Jason Köhne
Jeff Winston
Ash Donaldson
Ilenia
Jared George
Lovely Porridge
Laura Towler
Chars
Liv Heide
John Bruce Leonard

With an introduction by Ricardo Duchesne

Samuel Johnson's

Famous

Preface to Shakespeare

Samuel Johnson

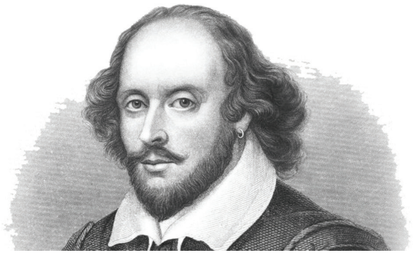
(1709 - 1784)

Samuel Johnson (18 September 1709 [OS 7 September] – 13 December 1784), often referred to as Dr Johnson, was an English writer who made lasting contributions to English literature as a poet, playwright, essayist, moralist, literary critic, biographer, editor, and lexicographer. Religiously, he was a devout Anglican,[1] and politically a committed Tory. The Oxford Dictionary of National Biography describes Johnson as "arguably the most distinguished man of letters in English history".[2] He is the subject of James Boswell's The Life of Samuel Johnson, described by Walter Jackson Bate as "the most famous single work of biographical art in the whole of literature".[3]

Born in Lichfield, Staffordshire, Johnson attended Pembroke College, Oxford, for just over a year, but a lack of funds forced him to leave. After working as a teacher, he moved to London, where he began to write for The Gentleman's Magazine. His early works include the biography Life of Mr Richard Savage, the poems London and The Vanity of Human Wishes, and the play Irene.

After nine years of work, Johnson's A Dictionary of the English Language was published in 1755. It had a far-reaching effect on Modern English and has been acclaimed as "one of the greatest single achievements of scholarship".[4] This work brought Johnson popularity and success. Until the completion of the Oxford English Dictionary 150 years later, Johnson's was the pre-eminent British dictionary.[5] His later works included essays, an influential annotated edition of The Plays of William Shakespeare, and the widely read tale The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia. In 1763, he befriended James Boswell, with whom he later travelled to Scotland; Johnson described their travels in A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland. Towards the end of his life, he produced the massive and influential Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets, a collection of biographies and evaluations of 17th- and 18th-century poets.

Johnson was a tall[a] and robust man. His odd gestures and tics were disconcerting to some on first meeting him. Boswell's Life, along with other biographies, documented Johnson's behaviour and mannerisms in such detail that they have informed the posthumous diagnosis of Tourette syndrome,[6] a condition not defined or diagnosed in the 18th century. After a series of illnesses, he died on the evening of 13 December 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In the years following his death, Johnson began to be recognised as having had a lasting effect on literary criticism, and he was claimed by some to be the only truly great critic of English literature.[7]



Editor's Note: The following piece is an abridged version of the original text that was edited by Dr. Jack Lynch of Rutgers University.

That praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

[2] Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an authour is yet living we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead we rate them by his best.

[3] To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientifick, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be stiled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square, but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and

> Shakespeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirrour of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find.

century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

[4] The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

[5] The Poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topick of merriment or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity nor gratify malignity, but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have past through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

[6] But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by

A Midsummer Night's Dream (from Act 4, Scene 1), by Sir Edwin Henry Landseer, 1857. Titania, the Fairy Queen, leans tiredly against the character Bottom, a weaver whose head has been magically replaced with that of a donkey.

what peculiarities of excellence Shakespeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

[7] Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight a-while, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

[8] Shakespeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirrour of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespeare it is commonly a species.

[9] It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestick wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and oeconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and, the tenour of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

[10] It will not easily be imagined how much Shakespeare excells in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authours. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakespeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topicks which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this authour is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned

by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

[11] Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harrass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions, and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

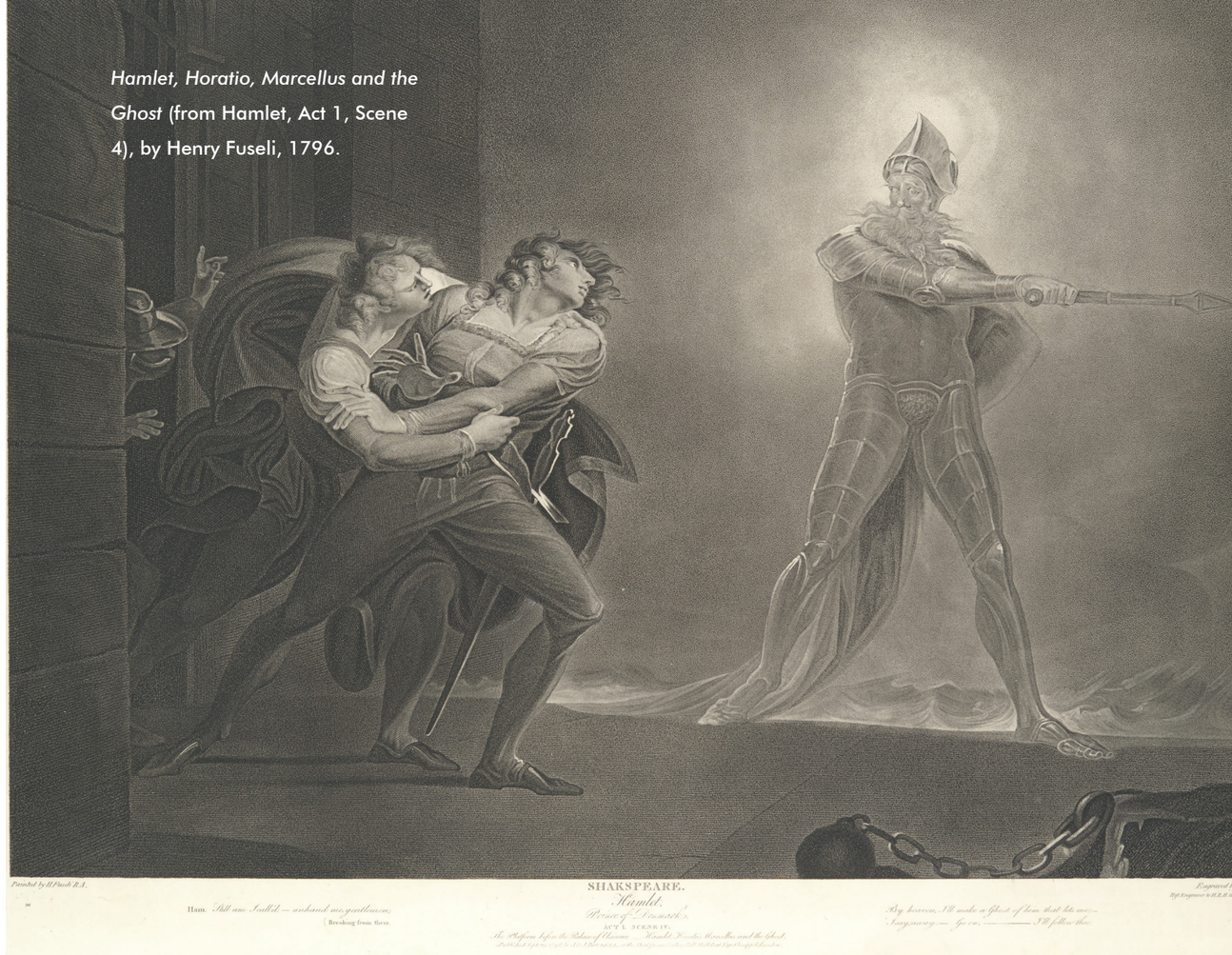
[12] Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find, any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

[13] Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakespeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: Even where the agency is supernatural the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would be probably such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exigences, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

[14] This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirrour of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious extasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

[15] His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of criticks, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rhymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish Usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakespeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew an usurper and a murderer not only odious but despicable, he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

[16] The censure which he has incurred by mixing comick and tragick scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more



Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus and the Ghost (from Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 4), by Henry Fuseli, 1796.

consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

[17] Shakespeare's plays are not in the rigorous or critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolick of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

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[20] That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing how great machinations and slender

designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

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[27] When Shakespeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rhymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of Hamlet is opened, without impropriety, by two sentinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

[28] Shakespeare engaged in dramatick poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the publick judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor criticks of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: He therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as Rhymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comick scenes, he seems to produce without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comick, but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature.

Mr. Garrick in the Character of Richard III, by William Hogarth, 1746

In his tragick scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

[29] The force of his comick scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits, are only superficial dies, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabricks of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare.

The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabricks of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare.

[30] If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a stile which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language as to remain settled and unaltered; this stile is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comick dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other authour equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

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[32] Shakespeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall shew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth.

[33] His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independant on time or place.

[34] The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design.

He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

[35] It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and, in view of his reward, he shortened the labour, to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

[36] He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothick mythology of fairies. Shakespeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his Arcadia, confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet and security, with those of turbulence, violence and adventure.

[37] In his comick scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contest of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality and reserve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gayety preferable to others, and a writer ought to chuse the best.

[38] In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion which exigence forces out are for the most part striking and energetick; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

[39] In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatick poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakespeare found it an encumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendour.

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[43] But the admirers of this great poet have never less reason to indulge their hopes of supreme excellence, than when he seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. He is not long soft and pathetick without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terrour and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

[44] A quibble is to Shakespeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures, it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchaining it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

Hamlet and Horatio before The Gravediggers, by Eugène Delacroix, 1843.

[45] It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of criticks.

[46] For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: But, from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

[47] His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

[48] In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakespeare is the poet of nature: But his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

[49] To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard, and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

[50] The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The criticks hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

[51] From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

[52] Such is the triumphant language with which a critick exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakespeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatick fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

[53] The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this, may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Caesar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in extasy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field.

[54] The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that compleat a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre.

[55] By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first; if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene. Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

[56] It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not

David Garrick as King Lear (from King Lear, Act 3, Scene 1), by Benjamin Wilson, 1761.

credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

[57] Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of Henry the Fifth, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agencourt. A dramatick exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that encrease or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato.

[58] A play read, affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real, and it follows that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

[59] Whether Shakespeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and criticks, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable, but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: Nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act

King Lear (from Act I, Scene I), by Edwin Austin Abbey, 1898.

“Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us.”

passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shakespeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire:

Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Caesare tolli.

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[64] Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to the reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the authour, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the enquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

[65] The English nation, in the time of Shakespeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacer, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now tought to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The publick was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

[66] Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon

adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. The Death of Arthur was the favourite volume.

[67] The mind, which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of Palmerin and Guy of Warwick, have made little impression; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events and fabulous transactions, and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unskilful curiosity.

[68] Our authour's plots are generally borrowed from novels, and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

[69] The stories, which we now find only in remoter authours, were in his time accessible and familliar. The fable of As you like it, which is supposed to be copied from Chaucer's Gamelyn, was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of Hamlet in plain English prose, which the criticks have now to seek in Saxo Grammaticus.

And such is the power of the marvellous even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakespeare than of any other writer.

[70] His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of Plutarch's lives into plays, when they had been translated by North.

[71] His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crouded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakespeare than of any other writer; others please us by particular speeches, but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

[72] The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our authour's labours were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

[73] Voltaire expresses his wonder, that our authour's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of Cato. Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakespeare, of men. We find in Cato innumerable beauties which enamour us of its authour, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning, but Othello is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. Cato affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of Cato,

Off, off, you lendings–Come unbutton here (from King Lear, Act 3, Scene 4), by William Sharp, 1793.

but we think on Addison.

[74] The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakespeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished unto brightness. Shakespeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

[75] It has been much disputed, whether Shakespeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastick education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authours.

[76] There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakespeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Johnson, his friend, affirms, that he had small Latin, and no Greek; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakespeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

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[83] That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakespeare, must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

[84] There is however proof enough that he was a very

diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authours were translated, and some of the Greek; the reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topicks of human disquisition had found English writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

[85] But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. Shakespeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

[86] By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for ought I know, says he, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best. But the power of nature is only the power of using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakespeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he must increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

[87] There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakespeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our authour had both matter and form to provide; for except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which shewed life in its native colours.

It is seldom that authours, though more studious of fame than Shakespeare, rise much above the standard of their own age

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[95] Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgement, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critick, a collection of anomalies which shew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

[96] He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authours, though more studious of fame than

Above: *King Lear Weeping Over the Body of Cordelia* (from Act 5, Scene 3), by James Barry, 1792.

Below: *King Lear and Cordelia* (from Act 4, Scene 7), by Benjamin West, 1783.

Pity, by William Blake, c. 1795. Blake was inspired by the lines in Macbeth where the title character imagines the aftermath of his intended murder of Duncan, the king, which reads:

> "And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
> Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
> Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
> Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye."

Shakespeare, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what is best will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

[97] It does not appear, that Shakespeare thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect, than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity, which may be at least forgiven him, by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

[98] So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little declined into the vale of years, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

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[157] Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and Pope. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness; and read the commentators.

[158] Particular passages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal subject; the reader is weary, he suspects not why; and at last throws away the book, which he has too diligently studied.

[159] Parts are not to be examined till the whole has been surveyed; there is a kind of intellectual remoteness necessary for the comprehension of any great work in its full design and its true proportions; a close approach shews the smaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is discerned no longer.

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[161] It is to be lamented, that such a writer should want a commentary; that his language should become obsolete, or his sentiments obscure. But it is vain to carry wishes beyond the condition of human things; that which must happen to all, has happened to Shakespeare, by accident and time; and more than has been suffered by any other writer since the use of types, has been suffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that superiority of mind, which despised its own performances, when it compared them with its powers, and judged those works unworthy to be preserved, which the criticks of following ages were to contend for the fame of restoring and explaining.

[162] Among these candidates of inferiour fame, I am now to stand the judgment of the publick; and wish that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I should feel little solicitude about the sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the skilful and the learned. □

OPPOSITE:

The Fall of Icarus

c. 1555-1560
Oil on canvas, 73.5 x 112 cm
Königliche Museen der Schönen Künste, Brussels

Bruegel deliberately changed the message by painting Icarus as nobody else ever has. He does not use the rich, somber hues of the North, as was his wont, but instead deals in the radiant dawn colors of the Mediterra- nean world. A distant sun glows white on a blue-green sea, washing the white shapes of a distant city, silvering the masts of a stately ship whose sails are fat with wind. Like many other painters, Bruegel peopled the scene with characters ashore and afloat—a ship at sea, and on shore a plowman following his horse, an idle shepherd boy, an old fisherman.

One difference in Bruegel s vision of the scene is that Icarus himself is barely noticeable. He is shown just hitting the water, and his legs and a tiny splash are all that can be seen of him in the sea near the shore. But the most important difference of all is that everyone ignores his fall. The ploughman, the fisherman, the boy go casually about their affairs. Nobody is looking. By painting the picture in this eccentric way, Bruegel has transformed the myth into a proverb. Now its message, as one art historian put it, is, "A man dies, and the world hardly blinks."

—From *The World of Bruegel*, by Timothy Foote. Time-Life Books, 1968, p. 149.

Left: From a series of ten Sailing Ships // c. 1561/65 // Literature for the hole series: Exh. Cat. Tokyo 1989, cat. nos. 41–50; Exh. Cat. Rotterdam – New York 2001, cat. nos. 89–94; Marijnissen et al. 2003, pp. 166-68; Sellink (2007) 2011, nos. 103–12; Exh. Cat. Leuven – Paris 2013, cat. no. 101 (with further literature); Exh. Cat. Chemnitz 2014, cat. nos. 79–88; Sellink 2015.

In this series of engravings, Bruegel depicts an impressive variety of ship types in various sea conditions. The artist must have drawn numerous preparatory studies, looking directly at the respective sailing boats, in order to create these meticulously executed ships that nearly fill their sheets.1 The precision with which Bruegel reproduced the ships' structures and equipment elicits the wonder of experts.

—From *Bruegel,* by Elke Oberthaler et al. Thames & Hudson, 2018, p. 146.

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